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PRICE TEN CENTS.



"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



MR. SISYPHUS CORTELYOU ROLLING IT UP.



PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,

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OUR GOOD brothers of the Republican press are making merry over the predicament of the editors of the Democratic newspapers in finding a common point of attack upon the shortcomings of the Republican Administration. PUCK appreciates a good joke as well as anybody, but he can't laugh at this one because it is too serious a matter. The fact is the G. O. P. is so variously delin-

quent that it is impossible for any considerable number of its critics to confine themselves to any particular shortcoming. Only one thing is absolutely clear in the present condition of affairs and that is that PUCK's candidate for Emperor is the man for the place. He fills the bill completely, and as soon as the voters of this land have decided that they are through with the Constitution and are willing to substitute Imperial for Republican forms of Government, the brow of Roosevelt should wear the diadem. Hoch der Theodore! One and Inseparable, Now and Forever. E Pluribus It.

WE DO not credit the report that the Czar has decided to go to the front. It would be a foolish and unnecessary thing to do since, if His Majesty only waits long enough, the front will come to him.

COL. GEORGE HARVEY, the Editor of *Harper's Bazar*, the *North American Review*, *Harper's Weekly*, and the latest author of *The Breadwinners*, the works of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Mark Twain, and Henry James, does n't know whether PUCK is humorous or not in nominating Roosevelt for Emperor, and PUCK is sincerely glad to hear it on the undoubted authority of Col. Harvey himself. Col. Harvey knows a joke when he sees one and when he says it is doubtful that a thing is a joke it is a safe wager that it is n't a joke. By and by when the Colonel climbs down off that picket fence he is sitting on in this campaign and speaks his own mind he will say right out that PUCK hit the nail on the head and that Theodore I. is the very peg for the hole we are trying to put him in, and he will add that for the Presidency Alton B. Parker is the man. Fact is, Colonel Harvey was one of the innumerable Columbuses who discovered Judge Parker as a fit man for national honors and now that the gentleman of Esopus has loomed into Continental size we marvel somewhat that he is so coy about coming out frankly and saying so. PUCK's toes, the Colonel says, are turned in. So they are, but they toe the mark. The Colonel's toes don't seem to reach solid earth. PUCK loves him nevertheless, and begs to assure him of his appreciation of his cleverness in saying so much that is entertaining about politics without really saying anything at all. It is a difficult task and the Colonel's fulfillment of it, as Mr. Parker says of the Democratic platform, is "admirable."



CHAIRMAN CORTELYOU is still rolling up large majorities for Mr. Roosevelt. We have not seen the latest figures but we understand that the President will carry Wall Street by a surplus of about \$60,000,000. He is as hopeful of winning Mississippi as Mr. Taggart

is of getting the electoral vote of Vermont to split itself between Tom Watson and Dr. Swallow. The only trouble with these Indian summer majorities is that they melt very quickly and along about election day disappear entirely. In the whole history of American Presidential elections with the possible exception of Horace Greeley and Rutherford B. Hayes, there has n't been a defeated candidate who, in August and September prior to election day, had not been elected beyond all reasonable doubt, and yet again with the exception of Mr. Hayes, as the Republican *Sun* will remember, not one of them was counted in. However, our respect for Mr. Cortelyou as a prophet is in no wise diminished. He knew pretty well what was ahead of him when he accepted the portfolio of Trust Busting in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, and now that he is known as the first lieutenant of the Imperial policy of "Squeezism" we have nothing but admiration for the calm and collecting way in which he is going about his business. Still, Mr. Cortelyou, merely as a precaution, let PUCK remind you of the story of Sisyphus. He



rolled things up in great shape, but he found out in due course that that which goes up must come down, and that it does n't always pay to be a high-roller.

HEAR MR. DEPEW: "We now manufacture more than we consume and we must have outside markets to buy our surplus. Shall we permit the Democratic party to cut off the Philippines from our markets and drive the islands into the hands of greedy European nations? We must keep our factories going to keep up wages and provide work for all and we must keep the Philippines for our surplus products until such time as the Filipinos are able to govern themselves." There's your far-seeing Statesman! Now we have the real reason for staying where we've been put. Once we've educated these aliens up to pants and Attleboro jewelry, and bicycles, and celluloid collars, and Japanese bric-à-brac made in Newark it would be a most confounded shame to have 'em buy these things from other greedy nations.

THE TRIBUNE claims that after all the aggregated wealth is rolled up, we shall find that G. O. P. stands for Grand Old Poverty. Much as PUCK dislikes to agree with an opponent we have to admit that the *Tribune* is right. The G. O. P. is the poor man's party and it will remain so for as long a time as the poor man worships his maker. The Republican Party makes more poor men than rich, although for its own purposes it makes enough who are merely rich to keep itself in bread and butter. Since it has claimed responsibility for everything in sight let us in the face of the facts accept the imperishable truth. We have had some thirty-five years of Republican rule, and the result has been a tremendous amount of prosperity for say one man per year or thirty-five in all. Under its fostering influence Mr. Andrew Carnegie is now able to supply a whole continent with reading matter—or at least free storage for its books. Under its benign administration the allied forces of Frigid Finance and Oil of standard quality have amassed more dollars than are in the world. It has produced a gentleman whose reorganizing influence upon unprofitable acres on land and sea has made even water produce gold to amounts alongside of which mere radium sinks into blushing desuetude. While denying—properly and with real reluctance—the justice of free coinage of silver it has encouraged a system of book-keeping by means of which air—mostly hot—has acquired a legal tender value. Best of all, if we look into the accounts of men and women all over the land, it has produced a situation in which men and women are compelled to think. A thinking nation is far better than a thoughtless one, and the G. O. P. has forced us to think. It compels the rich to think what the next profitable combination is to be. It has compelled the ordinary every day man to wonder how the deuce he is going to make both ends meet. It has actually created this condition of "prosperity" with which we are already so familiar that we have something nigh unto contempt for it, and in which out of 80,000,000 of people we have quite ten thousand multi-millionaires. Why should n't the Republican Party be known as the Party of Poverty? Who will deny that it has done its utmost to make the poor man what he is? Egad, let other Democratic organs prate as they will! PUCK maintains that as long as Republican principles prevail among us, Democratic poverty will be maintained. We need an Emperor to correct the situation and again PUCK insists that Theodore I. is the man. He knows how wealth should be distributed, and how the poor should be kept anxious in order that they may remain strenuous.





THE STORY OF AMALGAMATED BEANS.

By THOMAS W. BOSTON of LAWSON.

(Not to be outdone by *Anybody's Magazine*, PUCK has made an arrangement with Thomas W. Boston of Lawson, whereby the innermost details of "Amalgamated Beans" will be set before the public in a lucid manner. Nothing will be omitted. Everything will be included. Consequently, we congratulate our readers on the treat in store for them; notably those among them who were whipsawed out of their savings, and who now are eager to learn, down to the minutest particular, exactly how it happened. Unfortunates and others, Mr. Boston of Lawson will now address you.)

DISCLOSURE I.

I am going to tell you of Amalgamated Beans. I am going to tell you in terms so simple that I shall feel not the least bit surprised, when my narrative appears, if it is sub-headed by the editors, In Words of Easy Syllables. I am going to begin at the beginning and end at the ending of the most blood-curdling tale of corporate outrage ever written. It pains me thus to throw in the shade the work of my esteemed fellow-historian, Miss Tida M. Arbell, but what I know, I know; and what I know, I shall write.

There are three of them, all told: John, William and Henry, to say nothing of James. Gods! What do they not control—these creatures! Men, Oil, Legislatures! Banks, Petroleum, Senators! And all, and everything, they merge into one vast machine; intricate, yet simple; massive, yet delicate. All and everything but me. Hence, this exposure.

Chief of the trio is Henry H. H. Dodgers. As a husband, as a father, as a cousin-in-law, as a tennis partner, he is ideal. Just the one you would pick, in short, were you selecting a man for any of the above capacities. As a chafing-dish chauffeur, he is calm and reserved. On the links, he is temperate and slow of speech. In the garden, the very flowers love him and twine themselves, sweet smelling, about his knees. The birds, cheeping and chirping, light upon him as he strolls, and his eyes are blue to them—the eyes which in business hours are red, black, gray and green, according to his mood.

I have shown you Henry H. H. Dodgers, the recreationist. But, ah! what a change, to Henry H. H. Dodgers, the frosty financier! To Dodgers, the partner of John and William. To Dodgers, of Amalgamated Beans!

DISCLOSURE II.

Let me be frank. I, too, was once in Amalgamated Beans; I, Thomas W. Boston of Lawson. In fact, having determined to be frank, I may even say that had it not been for me, Beans would never have been amalgamated. At this confession, I fancy I can hear hoarse mutterings; the threats of thousands of New English descent and residence whom the greed of Dodgers and his band has reduced to a beanless poverty, even on Sunday mornings.

I fancy, I repeat, that I hear their threats when I confess my relationship to the source of all their woe, but it is not on me that these unfortunates should heap their curses. I would have made them rich. Let William, John and Henry, to say nothing of James, receive their maledictions. They have made them poor. And now to the deep-dyed details.

DISCLOSURE III.

I need not say that among the necessities of life none is more necessary than beans. In the earth, in the can, in the soup, they are equally essential to our national well-being. Hence, when I formulated the plans for "Amalgamated," I considered that I was providing the world with a safe and profitable investment. Then, one momentous day, whom did I meet but Dodgers, the man of the many eyes. I laid my plan before him. He examined it with his green eye, his black eye and his red eye, and then, bidding me seat myself, said mysteriously:

"Wait until I go upstairs. I'll say 'yes' or 'no' upon my return."

And upon his return he said "Yes." He had seen John and William, to say nothing of James, and they had approved. That was the birthday of Amalgamated Beans.

All the best properties were speedily acquired; canning factories were bought up; tomato sauce foundries incorporated; and the project, through which I hoped to make hundreds of my countrymen affluent, became a fact.

Alack! I recked not of the company I kept. I knew not then the subcellarish baseness of Henry, John and William, to say nothing of James.

DISCLOSURE IV.

But I soon found it out. Amalgamated Beans, which had cost but a paltry \$200,000,000,005.06 to fully acquire, was ruthlessly capitalized at \$963,000,000,000.98, the difference, \$763,000,000.92, being divided among Henry, William and John, to say nothing of James (and myself), as soon as the dear public had subscribed in full for the stock.

All apparently was satisfactory, and yet I was ill at ease. I had a presentiment that something was wrong; that we were overcapitalized too heavily for the public good; and turning this over in my mind, I entered the privatest office of Henry H. H. Dodgers.

The Master was engaged "upstairs" and, still troubled, I strolled to his mahogany desk and fingered, meditatively, his private papers. Suddenly one of them caught my eye and a shiver went down my spine. It was an opinion by a famous culinary expert on, "How Long Should Beans be Soaked."

Dazed, I rose to my feet on the rich Turkish rug. Amalgamated Beans, the creation of my soul, was even then being watered. Yes; for there on the rosewood table lay a quart of them soaking in a jardiniere.

"T is the test!" I hissed to myself. "Gods! The room, the very floor is swimming under me!"

"What, pray, would you have them do where there is so much water?"

It was the harsh voice of Henry H. H. Dodgers, who had come noiselessly and alone from "upstairs." I looked at him just once and saw that his flashing eyes were pale pink. Overwhelmed, I swooned.

DISCLOSURE V.

Coming to, I found myself in a Turkish bath, whither someone had borne me. Crumpled in my hand, was a legal-looking paper. Mechanically I smoothed out the folds. It was a dispossession warrant, signed by Henry, John and William, to say nothing of James, and it ordered me to get off at once the Ground Floor of Amalgamated Beans.

Boiling with indignation, even as beans in the pot, at the wrong thus done to thousands of trusting investors, I rushed in my bath sheet out of the building and straight to PUCK Office, where I am now relating

PUCK announces the suspension of the series on Frigid Finance by Thomas W. Boston of Lawson. In the last mail, the following, which will explain itself, was received, certified:

No. 16,666.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Sept. 5th, 1904

THE MONOPOLY TRUST COMPANY, of Everywhere.

Pay to bears \$1,000,000.00.

* One Million and no/100 Dollars.

Henry, John and William,
to say nothing of James.



"Overwhelmed, I swooned."

PUCK

A RARE COIN.



"THIS," said the skinny, but eminently astute, numismatimaniac, in a tone composed of a deft commingling of triumph, gloat and caress, indicating an insignificant bit of copper, "is my greatest treasure, the rarest coin known to the collector, the—"

He paused long enough to permit the announcement to soak into the comprehension of his hearer.

"—'honest penny,' which so many people claim to be trying to earn."

PRELIMINARY INFORMATION.

IKEY.—Dis is a hard problem, fader.

Dey call it squaring der circle.

HIS FATHER.—Vot's der idea, Ikey? How much vas you supposed to owe dot circle?

QUALITY.

"WHY should n't they be in society?"

"Well, I don't know. They—"

"Certainly their money is as good as anybody's, and their manners as bad."

CURIOUS.

SHE.—He says his wife and he are one.

HE.—I wonder if he counts himself.

PEOPLE are esteemed comfortably well off who have a modest competence. People who have an immodest competence are uncomfortably well off.



A POSSIBLE RESEMBLANCE.

"Your trunk reminds me of a telephone receiver, Tusks."

"Why?"

"Because sometimes you can hold it to your ear five minutes without hearing anything."

VERY OFTEN.

LITTLE ELMER (*a thoughtful lad*).—Papa, what is meant by "our plain duty?"

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—Something very unattractive, my son.



FAULTY JOSEPH.

YOUNG Joseph Gate, though nearly eight, will never go to school.

He says he hates the sight of slates; he will not mind a rule.

He quite enjoys rude, heartless boys who frighten little girls,

And don't intend—his hair on end—to have it brushed in curls.

An evil word is often heard, his manners seldom seen.

He thinks it fun the church to shun—his hands are rarely clean.

How can he thus go in a muss and stand with toes turned in?

What pleasure gain in parent's pain and making Grandpa sin?

But naught he cares, though Grandpa swears, 'till poor old Grandpa pants.

*Though young in years he causes tears to Mother and his Aunts.

Genuine ennui is the feeling that you've got to kill either time or yourself and you don't much care which.

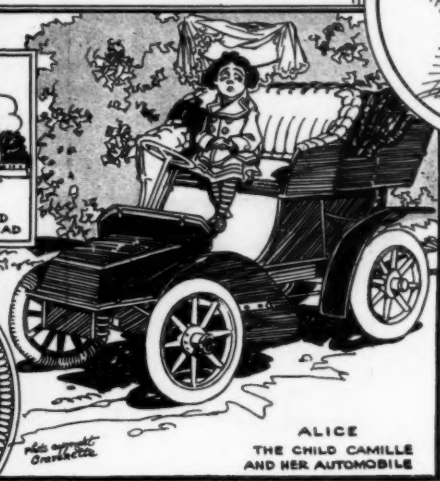
ALICE IN STAGELAND



THE OLD HOMESTEAD



HER MOTHER, MRS. ALICE



ALICE THE CHILD CAMILLE AND HER AUTOMOBILE

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS



JAMES, HER BROTHER, WHOM SHE IS SENDING TO COLLEGE



MR. EZEKIAH ALICE, HER FATHER

XII.

ALICE REACHES THE STARS.



AS THE Airship rose up into the Heavens the Earth gradually grew smaller and smaller to the eye, until at the end of about fifteen minutes it seemed to Alice no larger than any one of the many twinkling stars she had looked upon on clear nights at home. Indeed, it grew so very small that the little wanderer began to grow uneasy about ever finding it again.

"Oh dear Mr. Frohmandum and Frohmandee," she cried, as her native orb seemed about to fade from sight, "please don't go too high or get out of sight of home. I am so afraid we'll lose our way and never get back again."

"Trust us for that, our dear child," returned the little maid's captors pleasantly. "None of our theaters on Mars or Saturn or Jupiter are completed yet and we need the earth too much in our business to lose it. One of us is keeping his eye on the ball all the time, so have never a fear as to that. Even if we could n't find it in any other way we could easily get back by falling out of the balloon and dropping through space—"

"Mercy!" cried Alice. "And be dashed to pieces?"

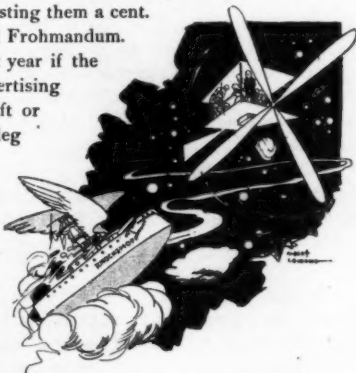
"Nay, nay, our little one," smiled Frohmandum and Frohmandee. "No dashed to pieces for ours. For us the world is a very soft thing. We control among many other attractions even the Attraction of Gravitation and have learned how to take a tumble safely. And even if we did break an arm or leg—what splendid advertising it would be—and free, too." Here the twins hugged each other again in sheer ecstasy over the thought of all those columns of space in the newspapers that would follow such an accident to either of them, and without its costing them a cent.

"That's a fine idea, Dan," said Frohmandum.

"Better make a note of it, and next year if the times are dull and we need the advertising you can fall down an elevator shaft or something of that sort, and break a leg or two."

"Isn't Charlie good to me!" murmured Frohmandee, with an affectionate glance at his brother. "Always letting me have the easy thing."

Meanwhile the Airship had risen higher and higher and Alice, glancing downward, could no longer distinguish anything that even remotely resembled the Earth, although every once in a while out of the blackness of chaos beneath her something that looked like a battleship with a Russian flag at the mast-head would shoot up towards them, from which the little maid gathered that her deserted orb lay somewhere off in that direction and that the war



in the East was still going on. And then, without a note of warning, the Airship drew up to the edge of a great highway running athwart the heavens, up and down which superb automobiles were whirring at a speed which was terrifying, occupied by handsome gentlemen and ladies, the faces of some of whom were quite familiar to Alice, or at least reminded her of pictures she had seen in the Sunday newspapers, or on the backs of Magazines, or pasted on the bill-boards in front of theatres at home.

"Milky Way!" cried Frohmandee. "All out for the Milky Way."

"You are at last among the Stars, Alice," whispered the Scarecrow, trembling with delight. "From this time on we'll all be one of 'em."

"Come along, Miss!" cried Frohmandum. "Your automobile is waiting to take you to your hotel."

"My automobile?" said Alice.

"Yes, indeed," laughed Frohmandum. "Your automobile. Now that you are a star you must have an automobile, else how could you be arrested for exceeding the speed limit? One of the first essentials of success as a star is to keep yourself in the public eye, and we will provide you on account of salary with the necessary instruments."

"But I don't understand—," Alice began.

"You don't need to," said Frohmandee.

"Just go ahead and enjoy yourself. We will attend to everything else. You will climb into your

automobile now and start for your hotel. The Chauffeur will whizz along at a seventy-five mile rate and of course you will be arrested. Fact is, the police are waiting for you ten blocks up the Milky Way now. You will be fined twenty-five dollars, and—"

"But I have n't got twenty-five dollars," moaned Alice.

"Tut—child—Tut! Here is one of our coupon Fine-Books, specially issued for our stars," said Frohmandum, impatiently. "We pay for them in advance, and every time you are fined all you have to do is to tear out a coupon and hand it to the Judge, and he will set you free, and then all the papers next morning will announce that 'Miss Alice the Child Camille, who is shortly to appear at the Bronx Academy of Music under the management of Frohmandum and Frohmandee in a Serio-Comic Tragedy by Fitch, Osbin & Company, was arrested yesterday for scorching along the Speedway in her new Gridiron Motor-car which she has just imported from Paris, etc., etc., etc.' This, with a description of your gowns, will be in 7,653 newspapers tomorrow morning and next Sunday the supplements will contain photographs of yourself, the automobile, your father and mother, your baby brother James whom you are preparing for college, the old Homestead up in New Hampshire where you spend the summer, with a racy account of your arrest, your past successes and future prospects."

"Dear me, dear me, dear me!" cried Alice. "This grows worse and worse. I have n't any brother James and I spend my summers at the seashore."

"Insignificant details, my child—utterly insignificant details," said Frohmandum. "The articles are already written, and those for the Sunday papers are now printing."

"Step lively, please!" interrupted the Chauffeur of the Automobile as Frohmandum spoke. "I have sixteen arrests on for this afternoon and we are ten minutes late now."

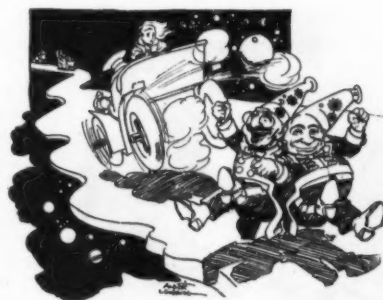
Alice was hustled from the Air-ship to the Milky Way, which on closer inspection turned out to be a finely macadamized boulevard, and lifted into the automobile without much ceremony.

"Now remember, Alice," cried Frohmandum as the Chauffeur made his preparations to start. "Remember just to keep quiet and—"

But the motor was off before the speaker had finished with a whizz and a whirr that were most disturbing.

"Oh dear!" moaned Alice. "This is positively awful! My name in all the papers—"

"Awful?" scoffed the Scarecrow. "Glorious rather. It's all advertising of the best sort and you can't get anywhere without that."



*"No matter what you try to do
When you go on the stage,
If you would win the laurel true
And wreath the lovely brow of you
With leaves that prove you all the rage,*

PUCK

*If you are wise
You'll advertise.
You may be Irving or John Drew.
Or pulchritudinous Bellew,
Or of the James K. Hackett brew—
It does n't make much matter who—
You'll never be of any size
Unless you advertise.
Just emulate the dust moles that
Have got the thing down pretty pat—
They ever try
To land within the public eye.
If you but knew
It is not hard to do.
If you're a woman, there's of course
A suit out West for plain divorce—
'T is cheap as beets
And in the theater fills the seats.
Or maybe, if you've got a few,
To lose a Kohinoor would do;
Or maybe thrash a dude or two
Who's written lovesick notes to you.
Or get engaged to sixteen men
And break the engagements off again;
Or have your motor run amuck
And land you with much show of pluck
Somewhere where you'll be firmly stuck
Where many eyes
Will upward rise
And see you there with glad surprise.
Or just forget to pay your bills
For powder, groceries, gas and squills,
And have yourself hauled up before
The Bankruptcy Commissioner,
Where, clad in pink foulard, you'll be
Subjected to a scrutiny
Which may bring tears into your eyes,
But—oh, how such things advertise!
This is no joke.
The wisest, most successful folk
Up in the skies
Are those who never did despise
To advertise."*

How much longer the Scarecrow would have gone on in his rhymed apotheosis of advertising no one will ever know, for as the last lines were uttered a hoarse voice from the road-side challenged the rushing automobile to

halt, and a lasso thrown with the idea of catching the Chauffeur encircled the shoulders of Alice's companion, and he was unceremoniously yanked out of the car and Alice saw him no more.

"Oh, stop—do stop!" the little girl cried to the Chauffeur, now terrified beyond measure. "The Scarecrow has fallen out."

"That's according to orders, Miss," said the Chauffeur, without even slackening his speed. "Frohmandum and Frohmandee arranged all that beforehand."

"And is n't he to be a star?" asked Alice, a great wave of compassion for the Scarecrow sweeping over her.

"No," said the Chauffeur. "He might have been only he was n't content to do what Frohmandum and Frohmandee had mapped out for him. He wanted to play L'Aiglon, and Richard Carvel, and Kyrie Bellew parts, and things like that instead of going out on the road in farm plays with newspaper snow-storms, and real cows, and villains from Harvard in 'em. It's just as if John Drew should threaten to go out on strike if they did n't let him do Humpty Dumpty or Dick Deadeye."

"I see," said Alice. "And how about my other two friends here—Miss Pajamas and Leo?"

"They are to go into Vaudeville for a season," said the Chauffeur, "in a little play called Beauty and the Beast, after which, if they do well, Frohmandum and Frohmandee will have one of their Shakespearean revivals for them and let them do a specially prepared version of 'Romeo and Juliet' by Ernest Thompson Beeton the Zoological Boswell."

"Hi there! In the name of the law—stop!" cried another voice from the road-side.

"Is that you, Rawson?" returned the Chauffeur, slackening his speed a trifle.

"Yes, sir," replied the policeman, for it was an officer who had spoken.

"Are the reporters and photographers there?"

"Yes, sir,—all 's in readiness, sir."

"Then proceed with the arrest."

The automobile stopped short and in the presence of eighteen photographers and thirty-nine gentlemen of the press Alice was arrested for exceeding the speed limit, and incidentally Leo and Pinky came in for a share of the honors. Five minutes later the whole party was haled before a Judge, who accepted coupons for the fine of Alice and Pinky, but insisted upon committing

Leo to jail for ten days, so that again the number of little travellers was diminished.

"It's an outrage!" cried Pinky, as her beloved Leo was led off and Alice was about to agree with her, when the Justice who had overheard this caused Pinky to be rearrested on a charge of contempt, and she too was compelled to go to prison, leaving Alice utterly and entirely alone, save for the reporters and photographers—very charming persons all—who took notes of all she said and did, of the color of her eyes and hair, of her clothes, her carriage and graceful poise of her head, as well as snap-shots of her from every view-point.

"This is very objectionable," she whispered to the Chauffeur.



"At first, yes," said the Chauffeur, "but when you have been a star for a little while you will not mind it. Giving up your private life is a good deal like having a tooth pulled. It hurts a little in the beginning, but after awhile you get used to it, and those who know say that next to getting into society, to shine as a notoriety is the finest thing in the world."

By this time the two speakers had reached the Automobile again and in a moment had been whisked to the Constellation House, the leading hotel of the Milky Way, where Alice found Frohmandum and Frohmandee awaiting her on the door step. The hotel was a wonderful sort of caravansary and seemed to be well filled with a most delightful company. There was Ivan the Terrible, looking at himself in a mirror at one end of the office. Parsifal was walking up and down the broad piazzas with the Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith. Mary Tudor and Richard Lovelace were rehearsing a scene from "Much Ado About Nothing" in the Palm Garden. Trilby and the Gay Lord Quex were having something of a flirtation in the vicinity of the news-stand while Faust and the Second Mrs. Tanqueray were just starting out in a runabout for a drive to the Great Dipper, and Madame Patti was saying farewell to everybody, being about to depart permanently for the season. Other distinguished people were moving about in great profusion, and in her interest in the marvellous company Alice forgot her anxieties for the moment, but she was brought back to a painful realization of her position in a very positive manner.

"Read that!" cried Frohmandum gleefully, buying an extra from a news-boy who ran through the office loudly calling his wares.

Alice glanced at the page, and immediately swooned away.

Her jewels amounting in value to \$260,000 had been stolen!

The fact that there were thieves in the world clever enough to rob her of gems she had never owned was too much for her nervous system.

"Now don't be nervous," was the first thing she heard in Frohmandum's voice on coming to. "Just walk across the stage, and when the applause comes bow slightly to the audience."

"Where am I?" she cried, gazing wildly about at her unfamiliar surroundings.

"You are responding to a curtain call," was the answer. "You have made the hit of the season. Mrs. Osbin has been out twice, Mr. Fitch once and now the audience are calling for you."

"Me?" she cried.

"Yes," said Frohmandum. "You have made your debut, the play is over, but the audience won't go home until you have appeared to acknowledge their applause. Quick—the curtain is rising again."

And the poor child was literally pushed upon the stage by the manager and found herself alone in the face of a cheering, hand-clapping audience whose vociferous applause rang out like thunder in her ears, and then just as she was about to run in terror from the scene, whom should she see in the stage-box but her father and mother.

"Save me!" she cried.

And with a bound that was too quick for either Frohmandum or Frohmandee she was over the foot-lights and safe in her father's arms.

Alice had left Stageland forever.



"That was a pretty fine performance," said Alice's father as they drove home in the carriage. "One of the best I've seen this year."

"Which one?" asked Alice, still breathless from her exertion. "Mine?"

"Yours?" he laughed. "Sleepyhead! I guess not. The Scarecrow's. That man ought to be a star. A chap that can roll Humpty Dumpty and Hamlet into one the way he did, is a genius—it's a pity you missed it, Alice. Where have you been this time, anyhow—in Dreamland?"

"No," said Alice. "In Stageland—and I am very glad to get back. I don't think it is any fit place for children."

THE IGORROTE'S BURDEN.



TAKE UP the white man's burden
Ye Igorrote breed;
Go, bind your sons in exile
In linen and in Tweed;
Go, wait in heavy harness
Of shoes and hats and coats,
Poor, new-caught sullen people
With Ascots 'round your throats.

Take up the white man's burden
In patience to abide
His scratchy, woollen clothing
A-chafing at your hide;
By open speech and simple
And hundred times made plain,
Take up his sun umbrella,
And don his coat for rain.

Take up the white man's burden,
The savage swears of peace,
And spend your lives in keeping
Your trousers in a crease.
And when your goal is nearest,
(The end by others sought)
Show sloth and heathen folly
Where "Hand-me-downs" are bought.

Take up the white man's burden,
The iron rule of things,
Of braces and of buttons,
Of starch and snaps and strings;
The proper cut of clothing
For foot and hand and head,
Go, show them to your living
And put them on your dead.

Take up the white man's burden,
And reap his old reward—
A lot of his diseases,
Of bacilli a horde;
The cry of hosts ye humor
"Now that our wish he grants,
We see he looked far better
Before he put on pants!"

Take up the white man's burden,
Ye dare not stoop to less,
Discard your humble G string,
And come in evening dress.
Put on his patent leathers,
And don his silken tile,
Be sullen, if you want to,
But wear the latest style.

Take up the white man's burden!
Have done with childish days—
Lay off the crimson blanket
And take to hoddens grays;
Come, now, assert your manhood;
Improve your shining chance,
You have to wear his collar,
So wear the white man's pants. *Ellis Meredith.*

KINGCRAFT.

A CERTAIN King, having brought his Army up to the highest standard of efficiency, congratulated his People in a public decree.
"Behold," said he, "in the place of the ancient millstone which was formerly about your necks, I have hung a modern flour-mill!"
"Huzza!" cried the people, and wept with joy that Heaven had thus safeguarded the fatherland.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

"HAVE you read Plutarch's Lives?"
"No. What the deuce was he? A cat?"

UNREPENTANT.

VISITOR.—But there is an essential difference between right and wrong.
CONVICT.—Oh, there would n't have been so much difference if I had a good lawyer.



IN THE ARITHMETIC LESSON.

TEACHER.—Given an overcoat worth thirty dollars—
IKEY (*eagerly*).—Who 's givin' it?



MADDENING.

JUDGE.—Had you any provocation for assaulting this man?
PRISONER.—Oi hod, yer honor. He wud n't foight!

A VINDICTIVE SCRIBE.

"WHAT WAS the matter with the *Plaindealer*, last week?" asked the washing-machine agent. "I picked up a copy, over at Allegash, and could n't make head or tail of a considerable portion of it."

"Aw!" replied the landlord of the Pettyville tavern. "The editor emptied all the dashes, exclamation-points and asterisks he had into the forms, and set 'em all up together, to express his opinion of some feller that found six complimentary tickets that he accidentally dropped on the street, circus morning, and then returned 'em to him by mail, two days after the show had gone."

AN OPTIMIST.

FIRST HOBBO.—Ever had a ride in an autermobile, Clarence?

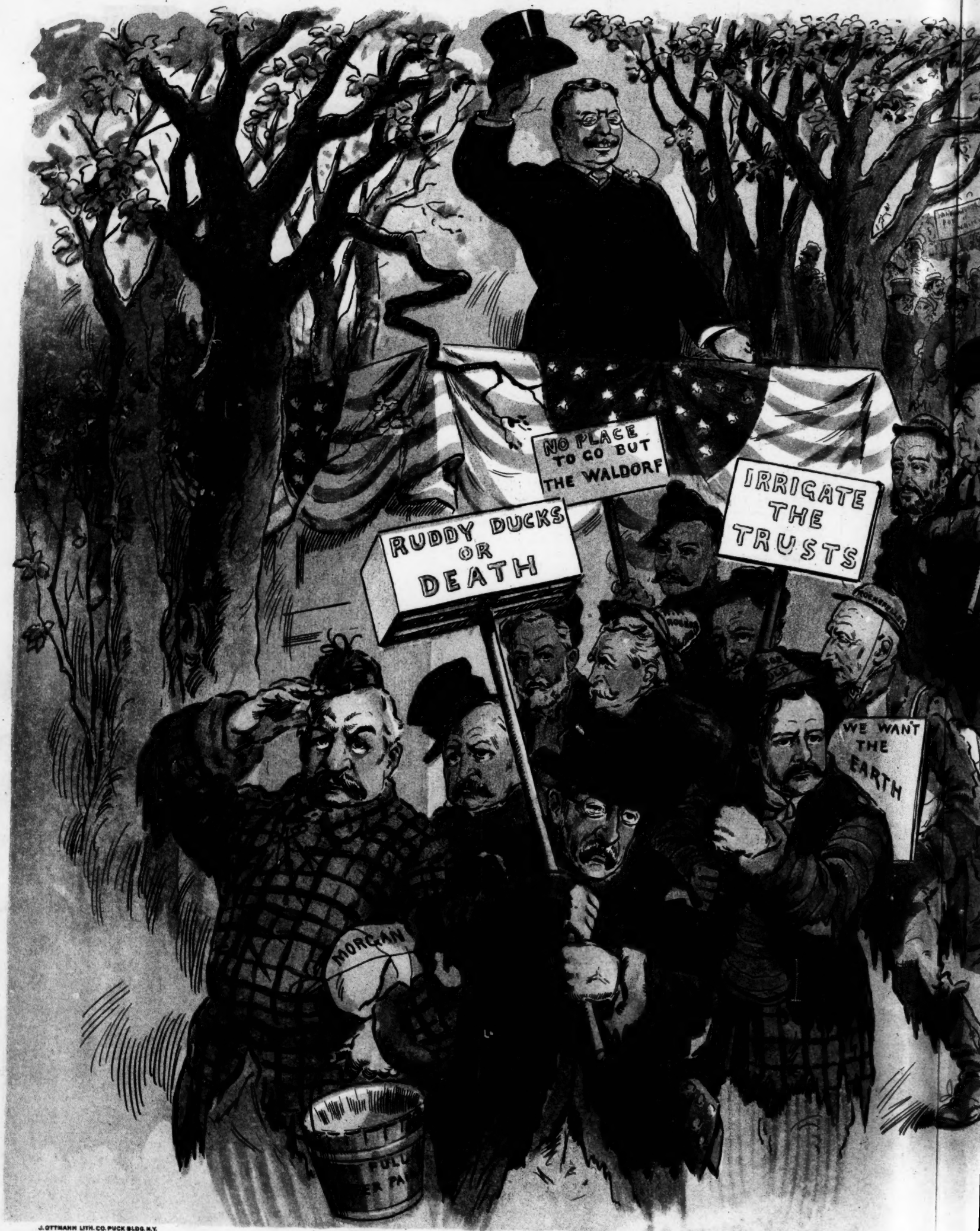
SECOND HOBBO.—Nope; —but it's on'y a matter uv a few years, at de most, before de perlice departments adopt dem.

IMMUNE.

"I THOUGHT," cried the victim, indignantly, "that you were a painless dentist!"
"I am," replied the smiling operator. "I do not suffer the slightest pain."

A GOON deal of the money that makes the mare go is invested in wild oats.

It is so much more interesting to argue about the respective merits of Confucianism and Christianity than to practice either.



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THE POOR MAN'S

"Aggregated Wealth Largely Represented Among Pa



OR MAN'S CANDIDATE.

resented Among Parker's Supporters."—New York Tribune.

PUCK



VERGILIUS; OR, THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME.

(I V-NG B-CH-LL-R.)



IT HAD been a sad but glorious day for the slaves of Atrabilius. By ten of the dial every one of them had been crucified or fed to the lions; and the new lot from the intelligence office, untrained in their duties, stood about in a blue funk, awaiting the inevitable cross or lion-pit. Two of these followed their master as he came out of his bath, a little before the hour set for his stag saturnalia, and advanced to put his tunic on him. At that instant he stepped on a cake of soap and slid half-way across the palace, concluding with a resounding bump of his patrician head on the hardwood floor.

"Hades!" he shouted. "Who left that soap on the floor?"

He leaped to his feet, lighted an eight-ball Roman candle, and jammed it down the throat of the first slave within his reach. The unfortunate wretch executed a brilliant finish, expiring under the most distressing circumstances.

A few minutes later Atrabilius, wearing a new yellow tunic and a catamount smile, entered the banquet hall, and threw an arm caressingly about the neck of Vergilius, his rival for the affections of Aurelia, the fairest daughter of Rome that ever came down the Via Appia, otherwise known as the Pike.

"Nephew of Holdenus, I am right glad to see you," he cooed graciously; "and you, Tippus Taylorus, merriest of wags; and you, Horatius Greelius, great Tribune; and you, Uncle Ebenus, favored of the gods. Come, gentlemen; the Roman punch is melting."

It was certainly a swell dinner. There were Little Neck clams from Arabia, Blue Points from Gobi, mussels fresh from the arena, stewed elephant tails à la Carthage, deviled lion kidneys with sauce Tartare, snakes' ears stewed with pears, and other rare and palate-tickling dishes. Ebenus Holdenus, the rural philosopher from Vallis Paradisea, allowed that he "never lay down to a finer feed, b'goshus!" And this was the general opinion of the distinguished company that pushed their couches against the mahogany.

The decorations, too, could not have cost a cent under five hundred denarii, while the Roman candles that lighted the vast hall must have set Atrabilius back considerable. These candles were held aloft and discharged by what appeared to be Swedish Venuses sculptured in old Carrara, but in reality they were nude slaves, fresh from the intelligence office, who had to stand like stone while the fire balls from the Roman candles, spattering against the ceiling, fell back upon their defenceless persons. Each knew that the cruel eyes of Atrabilius were on her, and that to bat an eye meant the double cross or the black leopard.

As the hours wore away and the revelry deepened, the temper of the host became increasingly petulant. With a lance he broke the neck of a slave that had been so careless as to squirt seltzer in his Scotch instead of carbonic, and commanded the crucifixion of the cook because the elephant tails were underdone. The groans of the unhappy chef had

scarcely died away when a piercing shriek came from one of the human candlesticks. Her hair had taken fire.

Atrabilius rose, a devil in his eyes. "To the black leopard with her!" he shouted, and began to kick the unfortunate young woman with his heavy spiked sandals. An instant later Vergilius, who had risen with a cry of horror and a siphon, flung him heavily to the floor, and directed a stream of seltzer on the blazing tresses of the beautiful Swede.

"By Jove, that was too bad of you, Billy," he said, as his enraged and astonished host regained his feet. "The poor girl was n't to blame. She got light-headed."

"Milkso!" hissed Atrabilius, and a laugh went round at the expense of Vergilius, who stood silent, chewing his Screamo cigar and waiting for the merriment to subside. Then he spoke, slowly and to the point:

"Bring on your arena!"

Atrabilius pressed a button; a trumpet blared in response; there was a great rattle of iron wheels, and brawny arms pushed a portable arena into the banquet hall. Behind its bars paced a large Numidian lion.

"The Swede candlestick against thirty denarii that you cannot put the lion on his back, two points down," said Atrabilius, with a sneer.



"Done!" answered Vergilius. And throwing aside his tunic he entered the arena and closed the gate behind him. The lion spat fiercely, and advanced to the mat to meet Vergilius, both crouching cautiously. It was brute strength against science.

The king of beasts, assuming the offensive, tried for a head in chancery, but Vergilius, ducking, caught the lion about the body and backheeled him. To save himself the lion fell on his paws and knees.

A howl of encouragement came from the Vergilius rooters, and Horatius Greelius shrilled in the ear of Tippus Taylorus: "Dave Brower was an almighty good rassler."

The wrestlers again approached each other, and Vergilius essayed a further half-Nelson. As his steely arm closed around the lion's back, Ebenus Holdenus, his nose between the arena bars, allowed that it "looked like an early fall"; but the lion cleverly spun out of it, and received a well merited round of applause.

"By Bacchus! A noble lion!" roared Atrabilius. "Good old Numidian!"

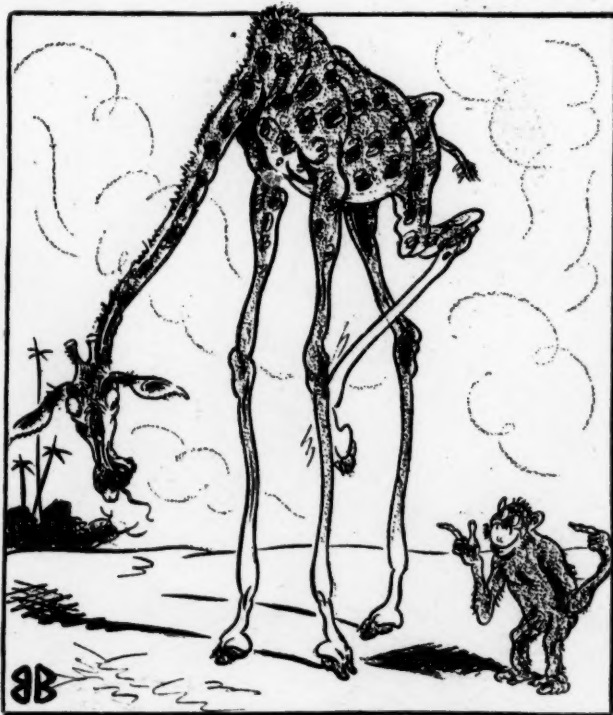
For the third time the wrestlers came together, and Vergilius tried for a hiplock, but the lion, stepping back quickly, grasped the young Roman about the body and threw him heavily; Vergilius turned as he fell, landing on one shoulder only. Instantly the lion was upon him, trying for a half-Nelson, but Vergilius caught him off his guard and rolled with him. In vain the lion sought to bridge. Putting forth all his strength, Vergilius forced him down, slowly but surely, until both shoulders touched the mat.

"Fall! Fall!" roared the grand stand, and the lion, much crestfallen, was led away to the property room.

As Vergilius left the arena Atrabilius flung the Swedish slave, still nude and weeping into his arms.

"The singed cat is yours!" he snarled. "The devil take you both. Come, all!"

Bert Leston Taylor.



JUNGLE SLANG.

THE MONK.—Oh! you make me tired. You'd better take to the tall timber. An' say! don't forget to duck yer head!

THE fortunate selection of a fad that you can afford is not infrequently a material part in the foundation of Success.

PUCK



MAGGIE WILL iron—no—nor wash,
Nor sweep the porches nor walks; not
she!

Such labor forbidden is, b'gosh,
By Domestic's Union No. 3!
To scrubbing she may not bend a knee,
At tending baby her nose up-curles,
Her presence alone is a favor, see?
Oh, for the old-time hired girls!

Maggie what things she will demands:
New gas stove or a holiday.
With perfect assurance pat she stands,
And the household hastens to obey.
Never a one of us ventures "nay,"
Never a tongue defiance hurls.
And rarely a "thank you" does she say—
Oh, for the old-time hired girls!

Maggie moves in her own gay set
Of picnic and cards, and ball and rout,
She answers sweetly to "Margaret."
Maggie's a lady, and "living out!"
Quite as licensed is she to flout
As damsel sprung from an hundred earls!
Of this social status she leaves no doubt—
Oh, for the old-time hired girls!

Maggie's the sixteenth one since June.
We guard and watch her with hopes and
fears.

Oh, for the Bridget whose honey-moon
Closed a service of twenty years!
Where are those faithful and homely dears
Whose records memory oft unfurls?
Gone! And the "lady help" appears!
Oh, for the old-time hired girls!

L'ENVOI.

Don't, I beg you, this plaint repeat.
Mind you, Maggie's the pearl of pearls.
I trust I have n't been indiscreet—
But oh, for the old-time hired girls!

Edwin L. Sabin.

ACHIEVEMENT.

THE BUSY man of affairs sneered
at the seven-course dinner
condensed into a pill.

"Of what practical use is this,"
he exclaimed, "while yet it takes
four minutes to change from
business garb to evening
attire and back again?"

Clearly, it was not for
the genius of invention
to rest content with
present achievement,
epochal though it
doubtless was.

CHANCE.

THE BRONZED old
soldier shook his
head sadly.

"Yes," he replied,
after a pause, "I sought
the bubble reputation
even at the cannon's
mouth. But while I was
monkeying there, the gun
blew up and men at the other
end got all the reputation.
With these breech-loaders you
can't tell where the bubble is."

But, after all, was not war
ever a game of chance?



HELPING HIM SAVE.

"Is your wife economical?"

"Very. She can fix over a ten dollar hat for fifteen dollars so
it will look just as good as a new one."

HIS SAD CASE.

FARMER HONK.—
Si Tubbins was
gold-bricked, good and
plenty, up to the city,
day before yesterday.

FARMER BENTOVER.
—That's too dad-dog-
ged bad; for poor Si'd
only just about got over
the crime of '73—the
time, you recollect
often hearin' him say,
when the slimy ser-
pent of the money
power laid its corrodin'
hands on the throat of
Honest Agriculture.

JUST SO.

"WELL, I went to
church this morn-
ing," said the patent-
churn man, on a recent
Sabbath. "Your pastor is
a very dogmatic man, is n't
he?"

"Just tollably so," returned
the landlord of the tavern at
Polkville, Ark. "He owns
only about ten or 'leven of
'em."

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wherein a stimulant is most
needed,



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of its quality, age,
purity. This is why
physicians prescribe
it.

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WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

It is a curious anachronism that the chief objection to Elihu Root in 1904
seems to be 1908. Gracious, but our statesmen are far sighted men!

We have confidential information from St. Petersburg that the French
Ambassador always refers to the infant Prince Imperial as the Zaza of All the
Russias.

Another divorce is rumored at Newport. Would n't our Aristocracy appear
to a better advantage if it should introduce a stand-pat policy on the Matri-
monial issue?



THE ONLY SAFE PLACE.

BUG (on golf ball).—Hi, Chimmy! If ye 'd save yer life
come up here quick.

Ask for Abbott's Angostura Bitters when you go to
druggist or grocer for a reliable tonic in the spring.
Abbott's the best for all seasons.

Gen. Kuropatkin's plan of campaign is at last making itself clear. He is
trying to lure the Japanese into St. Petersburg, where they may be the more
readily despatched.

Send in one dollar with your guess and receive a ten cent prize in Puck's
missing word contest. This week's sentences to be completed are as follows:

Two more ——— warships have been sunk by the ——— under Ad-
miral ———.

Richard ——— Davis is still bottled ——— at Tokio.

President ——— has not shaken the big ——— in anybody's face since

The ——— of Russia has decided not to change the ——— name from
Alexis ——— to Leon ———, after a famous
novelist of that name.

Mrs. ——— of Newport, has found the missing ham sandwich in the
—— of her New York residence.

It is denied that Wm. Randolph ——— is the pen name of Arthur ———.

N. B.—Fill out the blanks and enclose one dollar with your answers
together with a composition not exceeding five words upon the Philippine Policy
of the Republican Party from 1898 to 1904 inclusive and win a dime.



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REMEMBER when you run away
from punishment, that punishment has
a great habit of waiting around until
you come back.—*Atchison Globe.*

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Located for Quiet and Ease. Near
R. R. Stations. Crosstown Cars con-
necting with all Ferries pass the door.



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W. L. DOUGLAS UNION MADE. \$3.50 SHOES FOR MEN.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. The reason W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world is because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makes and the high-grade leathers used, you would understand why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day, and why the sales for the year ending July 1, 1904, were

\$6,263,040.00.

W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it—take no substitute. Sold by shoe dealers everywhere. *Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively.*

"AS GOOD AS \$7.00 SHOES."

"Heretofore I have been wearing \$7.00 shoes. I purchased a pair of W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes, which I have worn every day for four months. They are so satisfactory I do not intend to return to the more expensive shoes." WM. GRAY KNOWLES, Asst. City Solicitor, Phila.
W. L. Douglas uses Corona Coltskin in his \$3.50 shoes. Corona Colt is conceded to be the finest Patent Leather made. Send for Catalogue giving full instructions how to order by mail. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

We now begin to understand why Governor La Follette of Iowa has been so persistent in getting his name in the papers this summer. His daughter is going on the stage.

Now that, according to the daily papers, the stage women have come out for Parker & Davis, Mr. Taggart will do well to inspect with care every cash contribution to the Democratic Campaign Funds. There may be stage money in the box, and we all know what that is worth.

SURBRUG'S Arcadia MIXTURE.

"One need only to put his head in at my door to realize that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others."

My Lady Nicotine.

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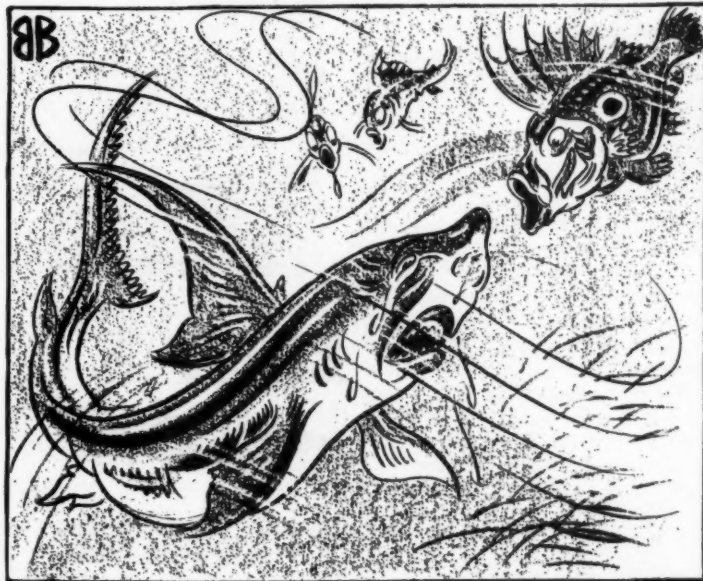
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PAYING FOR IT.

THE DORY.—What's the matter? Got a pain?

THE SHARK.—Ouch! I should say so. I've just been fool enough to swallow a Lobster without tying his hands.

Health of body and strength of mind are represented in Abbott's Angostura Bitters—the best known tonic for blood and nerves. All druggists.

It is said that Dickie Davis has taken Port Arthur with his little Kodak.

Dr. Dowie is out for Roosevelt. Thus the Winning of the West goes bravely on.

A London contemporary describes the New York subway as the world's best tube. It is. Expressed in paraphrase, In all the world no tube like this.

If General Kuropatkin will make some of his historic flights in the kind of gassymobiles we have in Central Park it is likely he will escape. The Japs in the rear will be asphyxiated.

"I had applications by the score for Cabinet positions"—Thomas Tibbles, candidate.

The portfolio most sought is that of the Secretary of Confiscation.

It seems that the Bathers at Atlantic City are drawing the color line. They don't deny the right of their African brother to a surf bath, but they insist that he must provide his own ocean. We shall look for retaliation on the Siberian Coast.



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TRY Miller**
THE BEST MILWAUKEE BEER
and you will be contented
MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, U.S.A.

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HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

THE MAN WITH THE BULGING BROW.

QUITE HARMLESS," said the keeper. "Talks rationally on most subjects. You need n't be afraid of him."

The patient was a mild-looking man, with a bulging brow, gold-rimmed spectacles and a thoughtful cast of countenance. He bowed politely as I approached.

"You wish to know my sad story?" he said.

"Ah! I am but one of the many who have suffered because they would have helped their fellow men. You remember when Secretary Shaw delivered his great speech showing that high prices are a blessing and low prices a curse? I am a man—the one man, they tell me—who was convinced by the Secretary's reasoning and attempted to carry it out to its logical consequences. I wrote to Mr. Shaw, advising him, in the interest of humanity, to resign from the Cabinet and start a correspondence school of political economy. I have never been able to understand why he did not reply. However, I determined to put the Shaw theory in practice. Being a man of considerable means, I went out at once and bought a hat, a suit of clothes and several pairs of shoes, for all of which I insisted on paying twice the prices asked. The dealers in these articles looked at me curiously, but I explained to them that low prices are a curse; that low prices are the result of competition among dealers; that this competition arises from the desire of dealers to please customers who foolishly want low prices; that if these customers would read Secretary Shaw's speeches and clamor for high prices, prices would go up; we would have prosperity, a renewed boom, and everybody would be happy. I succeeded in inducing the dealers to take my money. Repairs being needed about the house, I sent for a plumber and a carpenter and treated them in like manner. When the gas bill came in, I sent it back with a request to make the charge two dollars a thousand feet, inclosing a copy of Secretary Shaw's speech. Getting into a street-car, I insisted on paying double fare, explaining to my astonished fellow-passengers that if every one did likewise the companies might make enough money to induce them to put on cars enough to accommodate the public. A day or two after that I met an acquaintance to whom I explained my newly-acquired views. He told me that he had bought steel stock at 54 and, the market being then 12, he shared my antipathy to low prices. I immediately told him that I would take the stock off his hands at 61, and pictured to him the era of renewed prosperity which would certainly be inaugurated if all buyers acted on the same principle. He did not sell me the stock. I suspect that he had a talk with some of my relatives. At any rate, I am here—I, a man, sound in body and mind, a man as rational—well, as rational as Secretary Shaw's speeches."

"And how do you pass your time?" I inquired, sympathetically.

"Studying the issues of the campaign," he said. "I have made arrangements to be supplied with all sorts of campaign literature and if you will call from time to time I shall be very glad to give you my opinions on the leading questions. But I must ask you to excuse me from further conversation just now. Intense thought wearies me. But I do hope you will call again. I am sure that I shall be able to give you some unanswerable arguments in favor of the re-election of President Roosevelt."

I promised to call again.

Wm. E. McKenna.

The wedding of Miss Pauline Astor to Captain Spender Clay is announced. Spender Dough would be a fitter name for an English bridegroom.

"Who is John A. McCall," asks Chairman Tagart. Oh, come now, Thomas, wake up. You'll be asking who the Standard Oil Company is next.

ASERIES of remarkable experiments has just been concluded by Sir Oliver Lodge, an eminent English physicist who has been able to demonstrate by an ingenious method of his own divining that fog may be dissipated by electrification.—*Scientific American*.

Glad to hear it. Now let us electrify the public utterances of our Candidates for office and see if by some stroke of good fortune they may be clarified.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetiser and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

Ball-Pointed Pens

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

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"Walk,—You, Walk!"

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OUT TO-DAY

CHARITABLY INCLINED.

SHE. — Did you ever hear of such impertinence! He wanted to kiss me!
HE. — Oh, that wasn't impertinence; that was charity. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

EASILY PARTED.

"He's quite bald, I understand."
"He has just two wisps of hair left."
"Indeed?"
"Yes; and he calls one 'the fool' and the other 'his money.'" — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

HER ACHIEVEMENT.

"Did two men ever fight about you?" asked the prima donna.
"No," replied the soubrette, "but I've been mentioned as co-respondent twice." — *Chicago Record Herald.*

WHEN a person starts out to be the "life of the crowd" we always want to run and hide." — *Wash. Democrat.*

WHEN you read an announcement that some woman is going "to make an address," you are apt to forget how scared she will be. — *Wash. Democrat.*

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COVER THE GROUND.

"Between the two, Jones and his wife cover a good deal of lingual ground."

"How so?"

"Well, he makes a good after dinner speech, and she makes a good after breakfast one." — *Detroit Free Press.*

SHE WAS RIGHT.

MR. SHARPP. — If there were no women, the men would have nothing to laugh at.

MRS. SHARPP. — If there were no women, the men would n't want anything to laugh at. They would not feel like laughing. — *New York Weekly.*

PRACTICAL.

"Did you actually have the nerve to propose to Miss Boston?"

"Yes; I told her my heart beat wildly for her alone, and—"

"Did she believe you?"

"No; she reached over and felt my pulse." — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

WHEN a girl buys her wedding outfit, she should leave her father enough money to pay for the relief expedition he may be compelled to send to her later on. — *Atchison Globe.*



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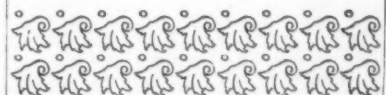
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A WALL STREET CHARACTER.

JACK.—Going to the fancy ball?

GEORGE.—Can't afford a costume.

"Got a threadbare coat?"

"Of course."

"And an old pair of baggy trousers?"

"Certainly."

"Well, put them on and go as a millionaire." — *New York Weekly.*



THE REAL THING.

"She loved him at sight."

"What was there about him to admire?"

"Oh, a general odor of gasoline and a thick coating of dust."

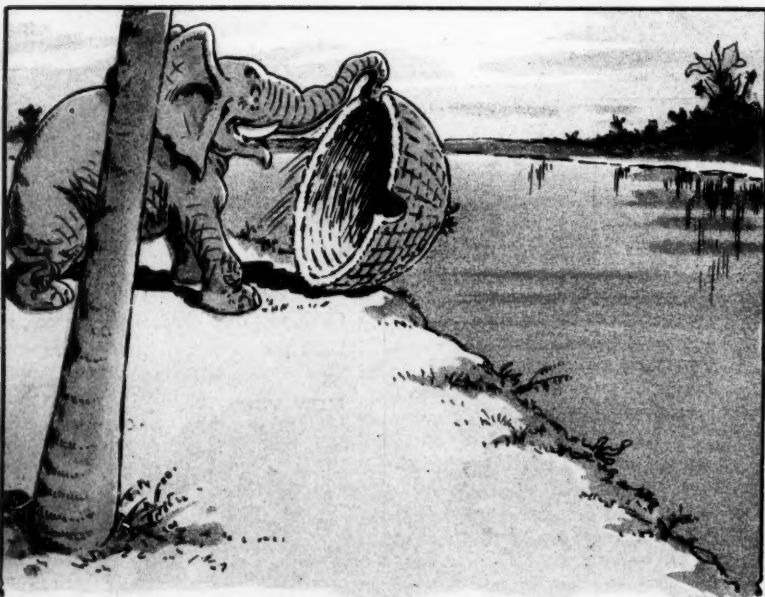
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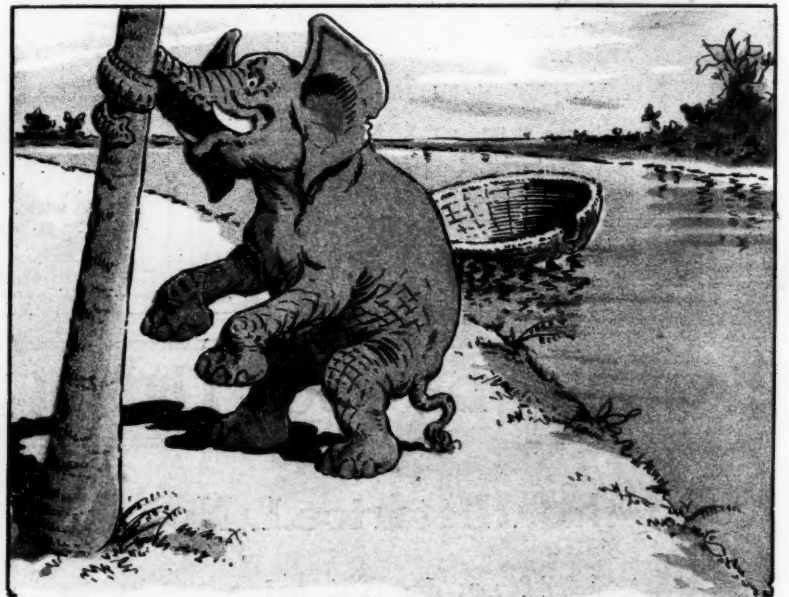
"Gracious, Professor! This looks serious. Hurry up."



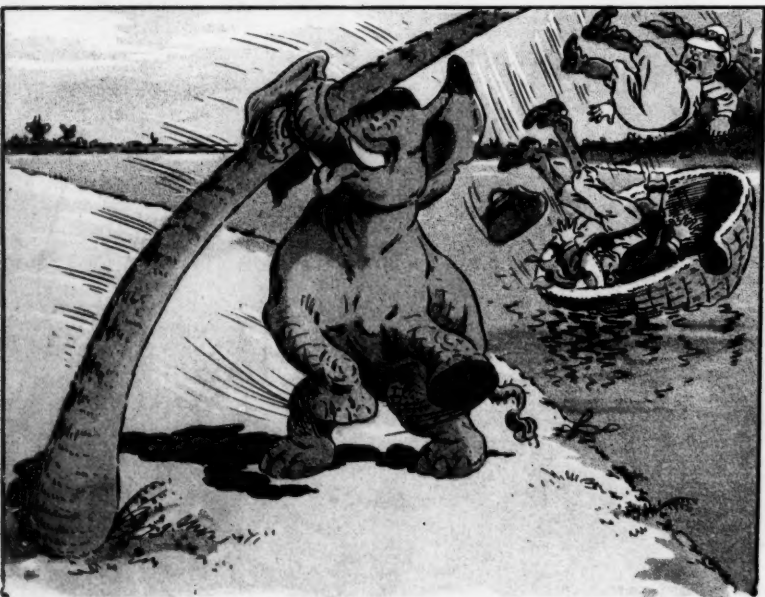
"Nope; it's too deep to ford. Climb the tree quick and I'll hand the things up."



"That's funny. I thought they were hiding in this hut. However —"

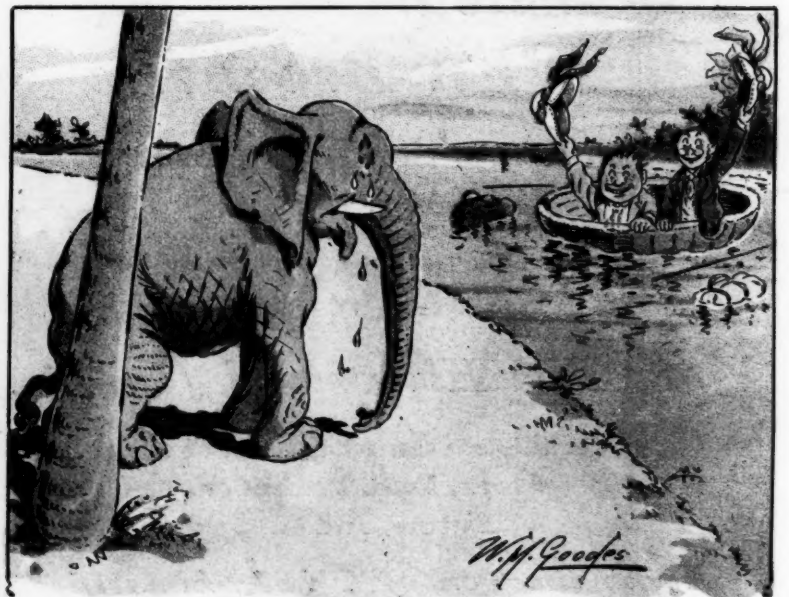


"Perhaps they're up this tree. I'll —"



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"Just shake it a little."



W. J. Googles

"Well, by the great Sahara!"

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